Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 15

Seventeen

Chapter: 105

Part: 1

(Back)

It all started two years ago; I drew for her, to see what she would think. She likes it… but it was not enough to get her talking. Two weeks later she was with him… what does she see in him?

Sometimes- I go to see her… at this little place in the same town. Where she is the worth that I can feel in what is left of my broken heart.

Sending letters that the father never gave- yes, as much as I can, I go to be around her, to see that smile and these braces on her teeth that smile that brightens my day. Not always with success do I get attention, but at least I can see her and her amazing eyes.

Who knows it might even get a hello from her- she is perfect in every way! I did see anything wrong with having a seventeen-year-old dream girl at the time.

Back then it all started with me making the crazy decision to ask her to

marry me, over a social networking site, I sure her boyfriend loved me asking her that question. But at the time I did not give a shit, I knew what I wanted, and I was not going to let anything get in the way.

She must think I am smoking something, or that I am just completely awake! For the reason that I hardly even know her in true reality, but yet, I know everything about her in my mind.

I have never felt so attached to anyone like this before. Just thinking about this is making me foolish. Not

knowing anything about her, yet, I cannot help, but feel as if she is the one for me. That the search is finally over! I believe that I found the one for me maybe, there is one more issue and that is her family.

My mind is running fast and with intention what should I do next. Oh, networking is a double-edged sword; her profile on the web is a tease.

But then again is love? I guess…? Let’s just say that I did get an answer, but I did know that there was

so much more than I needed to wait for…

Part: 2

Ponder

Did I just scare her away?

Oh no- what did I do? Maybe she will see that I admire her? Maybe she will think what I ask was sweet and she thinks I am a freak. Hum- What does Olivia think? It is like- ‘Open mouth insert foot,’ or not say anything and lose her to him.

What should I do, what can I do?

Her boyfriend Brandon is going to kill me! Yet, I have a heart ring sitting on my nightstand. Is she going to be single soon, just because you have photos and relationship status as taken but doesn't mean that you're his mind, body, and soul? Or are you dating him because that is what others want, like your family?

Without me knowing what to do or think, this thought popped into my head? Would her friends approve of

us even being together? I know some of them may, and then again how do I know what they might say, hopefully, it is all good. Will I ever know?

Oh yes, she is still in high school, and I am six years older; but age is just a number, right?

She did a drawing, and it was breathtaking, I commented, and things started to work out. But will this blessed luckily streak last?

However, the ice has been broken.

Artwork and creativity can open up all kinds of doors, even the one to the heart… Did she make this impress me? As of now, I don’t know, however it was excessive, wonderful, and beautiful. Just what I was looking for, someone that enjoys the same things that I do.

What more can I ask for?

On the 28th I don’t know what to think? Yes, no, maybe? Someone give me a sign or something? The love heart line kind of flat-lined until the 14th of

the next month, which was a win. I felt that the relationship finally took off.

The online conversion was light-hearted and modest.

Nevertheless, it was a remarkable achievement of accomplishment; looking back at how completed it can be just to have her know that I am even there. Just have to see what the next couple of days bring.

Maybe there is a date on the way. I wished her goodnight and sweet dreams and have to see what the next day brings me.

The 22nd, what an amazing day, I got to speak to her at last in the place where one can meet and greet, yet I had a few interruptions; I could help it, I was unusually popular that day.

She was so cute about it… with her braces on her teeth, and the way she looks at me. When she woke up to me, I could not speak because she wanted my- complete attention in the place.

Finally, at the cash register that magic spot for flirting together…

We talked more face to face, no screen of allowance, no button to click, just real stimulation of interaction. It was all nervously publicized to one another so that just led to the plans to talk online more, awesome!

The perfect girl what can I say, to be so close yet, feel miles away. Want to run to her but have to walk out the door the other way. The only words spoken to her are- ‘Have a nice day.’

Thinking about her and the summer and what it could be with her reminds me of Seventeen- you’re on my

mind all the time and I think about you yet we're not together. The stars shining combined with ribbon holding hands forever.

These are the days we could have together. It could be like Sunflowers, Hayfields, kissing in the rain, no more brick walls, falling teardrops, no more prize spaces remain.

True love shouldn’t be such a game; does she feel the same. She is everything she is seventeen. What if every day could be like this: Dimmed

rings, football games, and a movie on the weekends? Its plan to see you belongs to me, she's everything that reminds me of Seventeen everything that is in our dreams. Everything she does is amazing, but then again, I am just speculating.

On the 26th I don’t have much to say, I feel there is something in the way, let’s see what happens on another day. On the 27th I gave her a guitar pick to make into a nickel, I hope she liked it, I got her to smile! But is she

going to know the meaning behind it or not?

She looked at the message that I made before 4:58 pm. What I told her about let’s see if this becomes a date?

The 29th so when are you going to let me take you out, to a movie or something of your choice?

The 30th is all over ‘I don’t know…’ Those are the words that answer all the unanswered questions.

Note: I wish I would have met her sooner so that we could have been

together. Back when I was in school. It would have been nice to be the same age and to be seventeen again and know what I know now, and doing the same things… but it's ok hopefully we can still make it work. Even if I can’t date her, I still want to be a part of her life.

The 1st it’s a new month. Is love going to start up for me? But right now, he is still in the way. The leaves are changing and so am I, but I just can’t wait any longer? October is in the

air, and it would be perfect to get together!

On the 2nd I can’t sleep, I can’t think, I can’t breathe, hell I eat a whole box of apple jacks in one day. Am I falling in love with a girl that I know that I can never have, yes, she is seventeen?

And what gets me is that I feel that she feels the same way about me, yet the social world thanks to that he is the one for her… why not he is her age and the boy toy that most of the high school girls drool over. All I have to say

is that we will have to see, what is meant to be?

On the 5th I don’t know what to think.

On the 12th it’s not over if anything it’s a new start!

The 19th being romantic is not dead, and it does exist. You just need to be with the right guy, which can show you what real expressions of love are! :0

Where do you consider places for romance? - Romance doesn't exist

don't kid yourself, has a guy ever asked you to marry him? - Yes, but not whom you would expect :0

On the 22nd I got to see my girl today and invited her to my book thing so… ya-ah me! Let’s see if she comes to see me.

On the 28th everyone sucks in this town but what else is new, and I learned that it’s uncool to tie your shoes. Carved Halloween stuff…

On the 6th of November, I saw her today, and it was awesome, like magic, and I went to her too small

because of an inside joke. The 7th and 6th are forecasted to be romantic. Let's see if we make it into a joint partnership.

She is going to feel this on the 7th.

Today you will have a chance to change certain areas of your life, especially your love life. You will seek adventure - not in the physical sense of a journey anywhere, but the metaphysical sense of a journey within. You get a new perspective on your

relationship and feel like a whole new world has opened up to you.

Partners will never seem the same again.

On the 8th so I asked via the social network, how is your Thursday going? What have you been up to! – She answered on another web page her reply to me, it’s like a secret message to me, however, she is with him; seeing a scary movie that is boring to her to the point of agony.

‘I think that If you’re with the right person, then you should not be

bored, or watching the movie.’ You should, making out the whole time, and cuddling with one another. Does she want to be with me, but can’t be? However, is she happy being unappreciated by him? What is going to happen? Is this seventeen-flame going workout or happen?

There is a lot of speculation circulating about your love life at the moment. It could take a new and very different path forward, sooner than you think. All this is good news, although you may worry about how your

relationship will be affected. Shake off that pessimistic view and allow a miracle to unfold. Then take that first step forward.

11/ 9/ 13

I don’t know why but I feel like it is going to be an amazing day!

You've had a lot of dates and met a lot of interesting people, but at times like the beginning of the week, you yearn for that special someone in your life who knows you well, someone you can tell all of your problems to.

Platonic friends can turn into something more if there's an attraction combined with intimacy midweek. Taking the relationship to the next level can be complicated but fulfilling. The flow of dating energy is different at the beginning of the week, so take advantage of it and mix things up a little.

When you go somewhere out of the ordinary you open up your chances of meeting exciting new people! You run up against some stiff competition at the end of the week. Whether you like it

or not, you'll have to prove yourself if you want to ‘win’ the affection of your latest crush.

On the 9th it’s all over and I don’t know what to do!

The 13th Bartering is the name of the game to get you back-

Sometimes, I get so preoccupied trying to perfect everything that I forget to appreciate the things that are already perfect. Have you ever been in love with a girl that you can’t have?

I am getting older by the moment and feel as if I am weathering away. Yes, just one day closer to the casket, or am I in it. This life I have had has done nothing but pressure me into becoming what I never intended to be. Then again look at what I get to show for it. I got everything I ever wanted just not in the way I want it to be.

I sit with a non-filled heart of thinking that life is so unfair, listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas and all the thoughts of what can and can't be rushing like a

bolt through my brain. All this takes me to a place that I will never be again. If only I would have done this and not that… If only that is all I think about.

Nonetheless, mostly I think of all the existences from back in the days of seventeen. Why seventeen you ask? While it was everything real to me, the only thing I wanted, all that I still think about. ‘She was a black-haired beauty with big blue dog eyes.’ Her eyelashes could put you in trances as they blinked. She was petite in her stature,

but she had it all if you know what I am saying.

Pulse I was going to get into that skirt, and the way I could. She has those sweet pink lips, which could curl up your toes, even to this day, oh yes! I was young once, but you grow old fast. If you don’t have anything keeping you young, what the hell do I have to live for?

Back when she was on the edge of seventeen and my life was entertaining, pleasurable, and stimulating. Everything seems flawless

when with her; she was, and still is flawless in my eyes. But everything changes and everything movies on. But she still talks to me and dances around me.

Yet we can’t be together as we would like to be you see. Those days were over a long time ago.

She was the gasoline that lit my match on fire, and only she had the right moisture or what it took to extinguish it out. I guess we filled each other up with our hopes and dreams. Let's not forget about compassion.

We filled each other up on the pitches and surrounding grounds too, don’t get me wrong. But there was more there than just young stupid lust here. Something deeper that sucks down on you to the point you don’t know what you are going to do. You feel that your head is going to explode, it will make your bean spin and go numb. But is this what you would call love?

Is this what we all come back for more of? All this year, I think of what I have missed out on. All these

years I said this is true love? But to this day I don’t know if love is real or just a state of mind, which is a ghost that haunts me. How do you love something that cannot be shown to everyone that they love you back? I still have a two-carat heart-shaped diamond ring around my neck on the ball chain that my ear tags -was- ones did, the ring was going to be hers; it will most likely go to the grave with me, and the tag will be in her bark padded box forever.

Love is not- loving unless it is shown to the world- right? Is love just

getting it on, or is it about being soul mates? I am, and an old man, and I still have no clue… What is love; to some love is L for lust that makes you want to get it all, to do whatever you can to please.

O is Oh shit this is going to be crazy, and what should I do next. V is for virgins having victory getting to the next level, saying I got to touch and feel it. E is for Exposited, and unsatisfied, that is love for some.

On the other hand, if you're like me I try to believe that Nat King

Cole sings love the way it should be, but most of the time that kind of love is just a fantasy. If you're like me you have to believe in a little of both, just to see what it's all about.

My life is just like flipping through the pages of an organized book, you will understand my life and what it was all about, was it a waste of time? Or did my life have something more? I guess we will have to gaze into notes to see.

I was told in 1945, I was a twenty-two-year-old soldier back from

the battlefields and the air raids, and looking for my innocents, and Olivia Sartre’s was the girl for me.

Her father was a teacher at the local high school; he knew that and believed that I had found love within his precious little girl. This man hated my guts, but the feeling was mutual. around this time when I was at war Olivia was a worker at the local café. She was only seventeen, and as shy as can be in her ways and was so sweet to talk to and even sweeter to gaze at.

Plus, up to this point in her life, she was not that interested in any other boys, but we were close associates all of our lives, so would say more than friends.

However, destiny has its plans that no one can foresee, do you believe in soul mates? If you are anything like me, you still do not know what the hell I am doing when it comes to love. Love can make you seem crazy to the ones that just do not understand.

With Olivia, I felt like I had the world by the ass and was loved. I had to

leave my little coal mine town to go and fight.

Oh, I am not saying that war didn’t fix us boys up with our ladies the nights to make us man… but I felt that I was the man that I was supposed to be before I left. Anyways that type of girl was not my style.

Oh, the temptation can make you go out of your mind, but there was only one thing that was stopping me. That was a promise that I made to Olivia, who was about to turn seventeen in a month or so at the time.

I wrote her a love letter every day If I could, I still have all of them sitting here on my desk breaking apart in old age.

But as of now and this present day my heart is heavy, and my hands are weak, as she sits with memory at my feet. Yeah, I am not the rock that I used to be, but her rock displeases her name and her birthdate. This is one thing that I have now that reminds me of what she once was to me, and what she is to me as of now. I could not hold a pen in my hands if I tried, but I walk

to see her every day or at least I try, seeing that gleaming stone just make me want to cry anyway but still I do it, I hope for the day that I die, is that wrong?

Some would say that it is not manly to keep a scrapbook; well I do not give two shits or care what others think, you see. This book holds the memories of us, and even more that no one has ever seen before. It's a book of secrets that no one knows about other than me, but it’s in my testament that Kristen will be given it, and what she

does is completely up to her at that time.

In the winter, I like to sit in my chair at night in the living room and go through the pages one by one. Knowing that when I get to the end; I will most likely close the book, and start all over again, maybe seeing something that I missed from before. Every time something comes to mind, all the things that happened during that moment in time, that are escaping my mind slowly. Beholding the photographs, and notes reading, and looking at them so intently

by the light of the fireplace, that my eyes shoot blood… Maybe, I need to get new bifocal glasses?

Each page comes to life, and the photo starts to move as if I can look into that time and place just like a slow-moving film clip. I can see all the scenes play out, I can feel, taste, and even hear, what was going on in the frame; as I view it into each one, just like a porthole of the bygone.

Some of these relics make my heart beat rapidly fast and others bring tears to my eyes, some make me joyful,

and others are very disheartened. I think that I have been blessed for all this time that I have had. Blessed for the times we had, and all that was part of my life, most of them are going, nevertheless, I can still get the sensation from them all, as I recall them and let them shine into my collective soul.

Besides in times of creed, she takes me to a higher place- with her arms wide open, and wings vast in the midair. This was all part of her sacrifice… yet how are we going to be

remembered? When - am the only one that remembers her now?

In my book with a brown cover, I start from the beginning and see our little faces in shades of gray. Though faded I can still make it all out. The first pages are ripping and tattered from being so timeworn. The binding of my book is hard there anymore and you see the strings that hold it together, and some pages are falling out.

All my notes of my life are- now yellowing, all the love letters I wrote with a pan that I had to dip into an

inkwell, all of this is my life that I planned on making into a book someday. But someday it never came for me. I planned this story for us. I thought it would be quite different; the end of the scrapbook or manuscript has not been made yet, because I do not have an end to show or write as of now. To me, the end was in the middle, and that is when I lost interest in creative expressions.

Part: 3

warfare

All these notes… some from Olivia, some from the war, some from others that loved me, this all tells a story, and it’s just all history now.

‘Nothing lasts forever it is all going to be dust in the wind.’ ‘Evenhandedly I gave you everything, just for you to die with a smile; all you wanted was to live for a while. You took everything, but it left you empty.’ So much we don’t understand, all I ever wanted to be was a happily ever after.’

I am so tired of being here, without you, even if you are here next

to me in ghostly form. You are the evanescence of my Immortal love. All of this time has passed, after you pass away, yet it cannot erase you from me, now or ever. I whipped your tears then and I would even now, nothing has changed, only the moment in time. ‘You still have all of me!’

I see myself in the glossy stone one more, and I see that the young man is gone, and this timeworn outer self is all that is left. This deep-rooted body is all that reminds me of what I used to

be, and it mocks and howls at me as I try to be as I was back then.

The moon sheens and the rock are shown as a colorless shade of gay agent the black starfield heavens, the grave is all that is alive, and the world is dying around me.

I can see my breath wobbling within poufs out of my mouth as exhaling; yes, I try to walk away and leave it all this behind me, but the bound is just too tight. She was always so tight. So, tight she could squeeze,

just like she was when she was seventeen.

The feeling I have is more intense than anyone could imagine. ‘Some of them just hurt, and some of them hurt so well. Yet the best was with her when she was alive.’

Olivia grabs me by the ankles, and she rises to hold close to me, being this old it terrifies the shit out of me quite truthfully, but I love it because I adore her.

She knows all this, yet she follows me on the trail back to the

homestead. She is the worth that I had now, that my blood is getting so cold.

On the way home I have to rest, as I said I am not what I used to be, I walk to the gazebo on the pond; the pathway is overgrown with tall grasses and last roses of summer now, and the old yellow wood row boat float over the mist tied by its rope that is fraying away.

The whitewashed timber bridge is splinted and falling apart just as is the gazebo itself. But then again, I am just too damn old to fix it, in a

sighing breath heavily- thinking that no one else knows what this place means to me, and no one cares, really it is just one of those places that were our memories. If I could choose a song that would fit my life somewhat it would be – ‘Remember When’ by Alan Jackson.

That song plays in my mind as I sit, and think now that I have lived an undaunted, yet all right life; you have what you have, and you are blessed when you have it, so do not take it greedily or you will lose it. I reason with myself drawing in a breath and

letting it go slowly. I cannot remember who I was, back then, as my heart is heavy, and my hands are shaky now.

Besides looking back into the depths, and craves of my mind, I can see that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I was the prey.

Will you pay for your sins, yet she creeps and plays with my brain and the visions or so real but are they an illusion or something more? She ties up my thoughts but is it all a waste? It is enough to drive you out of your mind.

You know that I cannot say that I have any regrets.

Nash- The chrome grill is pitted, and the headlight glass smashed, and the inside is trashed, from getting wet too many times.

It needs some love, just like me.

But it is more work than what I can do anymore, so it’s just another memory of our memories.

We used to drive around, running all the traffic lights, wild and

crazy as could be, and share our time, and make secrets in the back seats. I would kick up dirt in the air as would drive to our spot, the gazebo on the pond. If that car could talk it would remember more than it does.

Maybe I should write a story about the car coming back to life and haunting me. I could give the car a cute name, or has someone already done that? I can't remember, but that would be a book, or maybe I have read it… shit, it sucks to get old. It is impossible

to love and be wise, it makes your brain soft.

I love some of this new saying these young kids say, Just the same as saying in today's terms being what is called whipped; this is what she was to me. However, I still do not mind it being that way. Having her whipping me makes me feel alive. The more pain the more I feel from her the more she knows that I love her, and she loves me.

Pain is love! Pain is all I have; pain is like the rain without her on top of me, rain, and pain it washes the

memories away from my mind. Pain and the rain are all that comes from these old eyes, that I rub red, pain as the rain that will cry over the spot that will hold my old remains.

I was praying, but I see it as more like being scarred for life. Though back then I was praying to get next to her in any way possible. If I could only get myself back, then… it comes around.

She was the one that was going to take me to places and give me expressions that I could not express or

have with any other girl. To this day I am not sure what to make of my own story, because it is never going to be easy for me to explain.

What was in the past is in the past, and I do not care anymore about what is in my future. What I have lived for was a dream that was never going to be, a dream that burnt me to a crisp, and I will arouse from the ashes someday.

Oh shit! I did not remember to tell you my name while it was Deniel, or did I tell you that? This is my story of

what it takes to have a sweetheart or love, what it takes to walk away, and yes never look back all your life, never hear that voice again, never hear that laugh again.

Also, back then some of these times saddened me even more then than now. Knowing that all the coldness that I am feeling is me dying inside, but I am going to go through this story one more time before my time is upon this earth.

I recall when I was nineteen my life transformed incessantly, and all

I had that kept me going was a love that I nicknamed seventeen Olivia. It, not an easy story for me to tell, it has its twists and turns, and it's- turned-on,

Just like having the land with its mountains of majesty that was blissful, that contest with its tragic storms. Just the same as us we have the hopes', and our joys and we had a lot of disappointments, now that I am older, so much older, I can close my eyes and all I have is a photographic snapshot in my mind to remained me just like

showing the mountains we climb together, she was ripped away from my grasp hands. Just like that last hug, she has pulled away in tears.

Yes, as much as I could, I want to be around her, and to see that smile, I remember when she was thirteen with those cute braces on her teeth and that smile that looked at me so gently. It has never changed in my mind.

Not always with success did I get her full attention, there was someday that she was moody, but that was okay by me. All girls have that time

that they need to deal with, she would just say the way. Besides, sometimes others are wanting her devotion, as her asshole dad, but I was mostly happy then because at least I can see her and look into her amazing blue eyes.

I can still hear her saying hello and saying my name. She was so perfect in every way! I did not see anything wrong with having a seventeen-year-old dream girl at the time. She was my mystery fantasy that was real in my life.

Looking at my hands you can read all the crevasses, and the split forks in the trail that was my life, the paths that ended far too soon. No, my hands and palms are not the same as they once were back then. They are not like the ones she held, what happened to my lifeline, heart line, and most importantly marriage line? The lines have changed, but why if the plans were made?

Where- they- taken from me? What did I do? To this day, I don’t know. There must have been some

reason for this to happen this way? I look at my fingerprint, each finger different, and so unlike hers.

Everyone has unique prints, which we leave behind. She had some of the smallest hands I have ever seen in my life, but they were sweet and felt amazingly perfect on me.

Every line that was on her palms was strong and showed her love of the flesh, her true faith, and love for life, she was a giver, she never asked for anything, but love in return. But she just had given it all away.

The fingerprints she made on me are now going forever. It is just like that kiss that comes to me in my shot drams at the don, it is just a trance that you always had over me.

Looking back in the 1940s: I have never felt so attached to anyone like this before. Just thinking about her now is making me foolish. She can say my name, and it makes my week even now. I cannot help it! Back then I had the feeling as if she was the one for me. That the search is finally over, I know this feels like day one! I believe that… I

believed that I found the one for me, maybe… There is one large issue, and that was her dad. He was in love with her since she was born, but not the kind of love that most have for their little girls, this was oddly different.

Nonetheless, it was not long until I had her completely and forever. Be careful in what you wish for you may just get it one way or another. Reality is never as it seems, and life likes to skew with you.

At this time, I was living in a one-bedroom house that I rented for 17

dollars a month, I few years before my mother and father we all lived in a house on 17th street, anyways both of my parents typed to fly off a bridge together and live… yeah, that's not going to happen. They were coming home from a new year’s party smashed.

So, I have been on my senses since I was seventeen. Seventeen, seventeen! Is the number that has been hunting me down for years.

Part: 4

Although I felt lucky because I had a radio in my home, the home I

always wanted was the one in the pond. We were going to live here together.

I feel that I could do anything if I just imagined I could. That is the way you think when you are young. So-o, one day I left I made the crazy decision to ask Olivia ‘seventeen’ to marry me, in a letter that I handed to her. But here was the shitter; I was stepping foot on a bus that was taking me to this far away land. She was the only one to see me off as her dad pulled us apart. I can still see that she was wearing a

light blue dress; with a white daisy in her heart.

I am sure her overprotective father loved me asking her that question because he nosed in all of our stuff, and kept things that I sent to her hidden, and that was the beginning of the end.

Because he had to know everything about her, yes, I mean everything. But at the time I did not give a shit, I knew what I wanted, and she wanted me, and I was not going to let anything get in the way, not even

the war, or at least that is what we wanted to believe.

That reminds me now sometimes I walk into the bathroom and she writes the word seventeen in blood on the mirror, and her face shows up in the shower mist as I wash. She just loves to play around with me in that room. Ha, that’s kind of cute! She has a way about her that makes me lovesick.

Back to my story- The journey to hell is not where I wanted to go at all, no this was hell on earth, I am in a

far-off land from what I was used to where no one even knows my name, yes to go and kill the slanted eyed mean, to this day I still have no idea why this event took place. It was senseless and stupid, I am not a baby killer or a tree hugger, yet the metals on my chest would say that I am.

They all remind me of what I had to endure, and all the friends that I lost like Jack Row and Tom Richford, that went missing at sea in their planes, there are more but I can’t remember their names, I have a photo of all of us

but the faces are nameless to me now. But I do remember how I lost you.

Like I am supposed to be proud of killing another human being, I do not know…not really, I just do not think it is an honor worthy only if truly needed.

The air force threw my bony ass into a plane faster than you can say suck on this Japs, shit! There is nothing like having rounds of ammunition flying past your head. Every bolt you think it is all over, besides having what appeared to look like Satan's face coming at you as your in-flight, get ever

so closer till you could see them snarling at you. Never backing down, until they're right in front of you; anticipating the whole time that the baster goes down before you do. Now I sit back and think that my grandbaby drives an orange Toyota Corolla, nice right, bullshit, and there it is sitting in the driveway.

So back in the plane, I was hoping that the bullets that I was firing would go through their head because in World War II you had one choice: kill or be killed.

For the reason that if not it always ended in a death spiral.

Those that were going down, a lot of them were clever ass holes if they knew that they were dying they would take out a ship with them, it was like a bam explosion, or they would land in the ocean never to be seen again, this was all part of Pearl Harbor, and I still cannot believe that I made it out of there in one piece.

But whom the hell cares anymore, it seems as if today people do not remember the story of the past, hell

most- young people do not even believe that the Holocaust even existed?

Most just sit in their mother's basement licking the peanut butter off bananas, and popping cherries, and talking shit about nothing relevant. Yes, that is a metaphor if you went to school, and got an education you would know that.

You know that is what this cautery need is- another good war, so your smartass knows what it is like to not have every damn thing handed to

you. Then you would see how smart you are in boot camp and the bush.

I was a drill sergeant also, so I don’t take bullshit from anyone. I will march your ass off until you have some respect for authority, and something more than your simple little life. Then again, I have seen all this with my own two eyes, and I can still taste the blood, and the smell of rotting flesh, you have no idea what that is like, that small is something that is locked up in your mind and never leaves your wisdom.

I flew through the air in a single-engine, single-seat monoplane, with a mockery of a half-naked pinup girl painted on the front which just reminded me of my own seventeen baby-back home. Things were so crude back then that firing a gun was like pissing your name in the snow.

I remember squinting with the one eye, firing the gun in one hand, and flying the plane with the other, and your feet controlling the flaps, it was ridiculous how difficult it was. Especially when most pilots had never

flown- a plane before in his life just like me.

Yet hoping that we all can make it home in one piece, most of my colleagues did not. Those poor bastards are still out in the ocean just fish food, and yet no one cares or gives a damn about them. They are just an eighty-year-old story of who gives a shit.

The day I left I made the crazy decision to ask her to marry me, in a letter that I handed to her, As I stepped foot on the bus that was taking me to this far away land, she was the only one

to see me off that I treasured, I can still see what she was wearing a light blue dress with a white daisy in her heart.

I am sure her overprotective father loved me asking her that question. But at the time I did not give a shit, I knew what I wanted, and I was not going to let anything get in the way, not even the war.

My letter reads- My sweet Olivia; I must say how I feel about you. That there is nothing more I would want to be yours forever and ever. When you are reading this, I will

already be on my way. Nevertheless, I ask you to weigh for me to return, it is not that long so we can be together once more. That is if you love me, as I love you. However, I have to go far, far away as of now. I have gotten to know you in every way, and I will think of you every day.

I would have liked to say this to you, but I am making you this promise if I make it back from this war. I want to be the one that is married to you.

I wish I would have said all of this sooner, so that we could have been

together, but is age only a number? Even if I don’t see you again, I am now forever part of your life.

Your devoted lover- Brandon.

~*~

Back when I was in school, she was too young for me. It would have been nice to be the same age, yes it would be nice to be seventeen again, and know what I know now, and do the same things.

But you can’t live twice. To this day, I don’t know if she had ever seen

this love note or not, yet she has not said. But up till now, she seems to know what I wanted and that was her.

After I give this letter to her, I know that my life would never be the same. Though I did not know if that was a good thing or a bad thing, it was just the way it had to be.

Plus, I had never been away from home; I have never been more than ten miles away from my hometown of Coalville. I planned on putting this ring on her tiny finger, but I never got the chance to do it.

The journey of life is through uncovering the true beauty that lies behind the eyes. It is not what is seen all the time it is what is felt, the same as how I feel towards Olivia, she made me joyful and blissful. Someday soon our souls can be rejoined as one as they were in this life.

I feel as if I will never be happy again, even though I have my granddaughter she just reminds me of everything I can and cannot have anymore.

My greatest fear is being alone and dying alone. I look at myself now and there's not one trait about myself that I find desirable, yet I have Army photos of back in the day, the snapshot stuck that are lost in time, I wonder what happened to me. I believe that my current state of mind is not a healthy one. Maybe I am just old or crazy or I just do not care anymore. One of the others I need a deep sleep anyway. So maybe I will go to sleep with her ghost on top of me. But I always thought that I would go into the arms of my beloved Olivia.

I never had any great achievements in my life, I never went to college. I worked in the coal mines most of my career, and all I have now to show for it is blacked longs and Parkinson’s disease. They drop you down in the hole, and you work on your stomach like a rat. With the water running down your back and into your ass crack, the work sucked.

Shoveling for nickels and dimes and giving it all back to the company. But I made enough to get my dream house on the pond but had one little

girl to share it with and that was our baby that she named Abbie. I came back from the war and was handed a baby to rise. At the time, I did know if I could do it or not. But I did my best. Everything was fine until she was seventeen; I don’t want to say any more about it right now.

I lived in this town most of my life, I have seen people come and go, of seen houses being built, and I have seen the same very house being ripped down. That's when you know you have a life too long. I watched babies grow

up before my eyes- into things that cannot be controlled, and I saw- my grandbaby’s too. I ask what more do I need really?

Part: 5

Honey

I am probably the easiest person to get along with, as I know, and

I understand how this world works. As of now, I dislike everything about my appearance, my skin blotchy,

and my hair is gray, my eyes are faded green.

Looking back if I could change one thing about my life, I would go back into time and do all the things that I never did or got to see with her next to me and do all the things that- I was going to do throughout life, I had plans and those dreams could come true without her.

Born to live, born to die, some say… while- my saying is all is fair in love and war, because; I have done

both, with each of them having the same consequences.

I will never lie to anyone or tell them something untrue. My type of personality is to be blunt and to the point, as you should know by now. If I think you are an ass hole, I will tell you that to your face. I am not a very forgiving person anymore, you have three chances with me, and after that, I am done with you. You would be the same way if you had a life like mine. Call me better; call me pathetic, your

names mean nothing to me anymore nor did they ever.

My mind goes back to these days often because she pulls at my heartstrings, like a gutter being tuned too tightly. To the point that I feel as if I am going to choke on the wood splinters.

Like the first time we met I was in the first grade, in a one-room schoolhouse that had all eight grades in one sitting arrangement, she was crying because of separation anxiety, or that she had to walk to school in

freezing rain either way she was upset, or maybe it was something more. I guess that I was the only one there that cared or knew how she felt, or maybe I was the only one that was under her influence.

I tried to make it okay for her, from that point I had a crush on her that never seems to subside. I was going to do whatever I could to be there for her.

Why?

Why- I do not know, it just seemed that she was unlike anyone or

anything that was in my life at that time, I was mesmerized.

She had everything that I desired even back then up through school, and she knows it, it is confusing how love works?

The ice has been broken; artwork and creativity can open up all kinds of doors, even the one to the heart. Did she make this impression of a drawing that I still have?

As of now, I do not know, however it was excessive, wonderful, and beautiful. Just what I was looking

for, someone that enjoys the same things that I do.

What more can I ask for?

I remember this one day when I was in school, she did a drawing, and it was breathtaking, I made a comment, and things started to work out for me, but just me being a boy I had no clue what I was doing. But will this blessing of a lucky streak last till the end of my life or will it change my life forever!

I remember art class and sitting behind her wanting to touch her hair because it looked so soft. I felt

high just by being in her presence and smelling that scent that was uniquely here, which after all these years never changed.

My granddaughter's name is Kristin, she is all I have left; she just had her seventh birthday, so I wonder how much longer I will have her in my life?

Indeed, Kristen is the only thing that keeps me going, she is the only light in my life. She reminds me of the girl that I affectionately named ‘seventeen.’ Yes, in every way, her

personality, action, laughter, and when I look into her eyes it's all the same as if I am looking into the eyes of my love. I have never spoken about seventeen until now to her; no one even knows about the story but, yet Olivia would be her grandmother, not even my granddaughter now about seventeen.

Now that I am getting older, and getting closer to that casket, I feel that I should share my story with someone, so I decide on Kristen.

I have some of it on paper, yet my royal typewriter just smiles at me.

Because, I start and stop, plus the button letter N has gone missing, where it has to go is a mystery too. Now that would be a good book… ‘The Missing N’ by Brandon Deniel- ha! Now that’s funny. Yes, I am an author in my mind!

So… that’s just okay with me I am not a writer, I can even get a complete thought on the first page. There is nothing more annoying than that first white page, maybe there is, but I need to get this down somehow to get this despair to stop playing in my

head. The paper is so old now that it is yellow.

The stack is just like my cracked teeth; hell, the little bell doesn't even go ding anymore. Plus, my hands hurt most of the time now… Ahh- never mind. I have spent most of my life trying to become what I am not. That is just another damn dream that went down the shitter and just like the planes in world war two.

Taking a drink and choking on it hard as it goes down- Anyways Kristen's parents Abbie and Divide,

back in the day it is still mysterious what happened exactly. But I believe that David pushed her car off the side of a cliff as he was chasing behind her in his old work truck. The black marks on the highway made me believe that as so; you wouldn’t have such markings on the road if it wasn’t forced?

Kristen's dad ended up with glass going through his chest cutting through his spine but lived paralyzed from the hips down. Abbie, whom I didn't speak of until now, ended up

with the steering column through hart at the age of seventeen.

The steering column through the heart was not from the fall, it was done before the car went over the drop-off. It seems so unfair… only seventeen at the time. She could have had it all, a college degree, she could have been a doctor or something like that; no, she had to choose to be his b*tch, and she sucked his ass from day one until she died.

The divide was a monster just the same as Olivia's dad was to her;

this just seemed to be an evil pattern in my life. The ones I love were gone forever at the age of seventeen, and then they hunted me because I was the one that cared about them.

They call me to their graves at night, and what can I do? I have to go and talk to them. They hug me, and then I come home and sit at the typewriter. With the desk lamp lighting, the keys and my hands are shaking on top of the buttons.

Thinking maybe I can tell someone what goes on in my life. But

their voice calls out to me Paul… Pa-ul and I have to stop, it's like they do not want others to know what they do to me.

Kristen thinks I have flipped my nuts! There is no point in trying to find the key to their heart if you don't know the shape of the lock, so why keep going.

Only one of these spirit girls stays with me all the time. She follows me everywhere the spirit of seventeen-year-old Olivia. When people die, they stay the same age even in the afterlife.

They look the same just transparent; Olivia is a tiny girl; she stands at five nothing.

And still her eyes peers into my eyes into my soul like always.

Exhale noisily- Abbie used to come to me crying, with black eyes, and blood dripping from her inner thighs, saying to me look at what he is doing to me, I would say stay here… you don't need him, but she always went back to him, and there was not a thing I could do. He had an almost demonic power over her just the same

as Olivia's father, they sucked the life out of these girls, in more ways than one, and used them whenever they wanted, and then threw them out like trash when they didn't.

Divided was even more obnoxious to my grandbaby

Kristen, God only knows what he did to her… Kristen has a memory that terrifies my thought of mind. It reminds me of what Olivia went through in her child's life, it all the same only the names change, or so it seems to be, it is the curse of

seventeen. When thinking about it creeps me out.

I wish all of those assholes would have taken their belts and hanged themselves with it, no! That would be too good for them… either way, justice comes with a price, and that was seventeen-year-old innocents and seventeen-year-old existences. These so-called men can fry in hell!

But that's a life I know one thing, I always try to do the right thing because after they're gone you have nothing but sad misgivings.

Raged David as I called him walked away, but later that year he put a rifle in his mouth and blew his brains all over his bedroom walls, on a life-size poster of my little granddaughter.

So now Abbie clings to my ankles as I walk to the cemetery as well. Yet I can’t help but say I told you so, and she says I-NO-O in a moaning vocal-sounding whisper!

Some say Abbie drove her blue Chevy bell air off the side of a mountain in a suicide; it was easier for them to say, than saying that a coal truck

smashed into her and pushed her off the highway.

At least I have a seventeen-year-old friend, and his name is Jack Daniels. The weird girl I ever loved has died at the age of seventeen, even my daughter, so I just made the choice to never love again, and I have kept that promise up till this point.

All these years… I have been pinning or what I cannot have, so I guess it is okay to drown my sorrows.

Abbie, she had a lover at the age of fifteen you see, she had Kristen

at sixteen, little did I know that when I was fighting in the war Olivia was seven weeks pageant it’s so scary how this all happened so fast, so it seemed, however

Olivia kept that a complete secret from everyone, even her dad until it started to show.

Part: 6

Hop

I remember going to the movies on the weekends, and what you would call making out the whole time. I

remember going to dances and learning how to jitterbug with her. I could twirl her around like you would not believe, I remember going rollerblading on Sundays too, wishing the days would never end, oh yes, it’s all coming back to me, those were the good old days.

I walk with a cane now, and ever since I got back from the war, I was shot in the foot. So, I was discharged earlier than expected, with the Medal of Honor, for the reason of my so-called bravery; that I had in the mission of flight number you guessed it

flight number seventeen. My best friend Aaron, went down in his plane if I would have known that I would have at least said goodbye.

Yes, I was the only plane that survived, and that was me in plane number seventeen, with the black-haired blue-eyed pinup girl on the front.

When I got back that medal meant nothing to me, because I lost everything I ever had to the war, so now that honor sits on top of her stone that is under the weeping willow tree

that we sit in as lovers, looking over the golden waters, and the gazebo of passionate love. When the wind blows the ferns in this immense tree, I can feel her soft warm body molding perfectly into mine, we line up as one being.

Anyways back to Abbie's car accident, it was flipped over on its roof there was Kristen, who was only about three at the time still inside the vehicle. It was only through the grace of God she survived that somebody pulled her free. I think this because the door

handle was broken- off with force, Kristen was only a baby at the time, she was not given to me…

This person stole her out of the car and then claimed her as one of her children. Jamie Keller keeps her locked up in a chamber that was cold, damp, and dark with only a light bulb having from wires under the tin roof tiles. No bathroom, the windows covered up with wood planks, with the smell of shit everywhere in that basement.

To this very day, nobody knows who this evil person was, or what she

was all about. It is like she was there and going before anyone got to know her. Who knows if that was her real name, I sure don’t?

Until one day… I got one knock on my front door, and by the time I got there, the woman was gone. They're sitting at the doorstep of my granddaughter. She is now seven years old, there were nude wraps in a blanket in a cardboard box, and I do not know how I would feel if it was the emotion of being overjoyed or horrified?

Kristen had a broken cut up the wrist, and her fingernails were chewed down to the bone, her eyes bloodshot and tears running down her cheeks, and everything in-between bit up, you could see the human teeth marks.

She was Just left there cold and lonely snow falling on her tiny chest… With a note attached to her neck, saying this is your granddaughter; she is damn responsible now, and I cannot take care of her any longer! To this very day; I have never found this woman, it's like she never existed.

She better hopes that I never do! I may be in the end stages of my seventies, but I can still kick some ass.

For years, I thought my granddaughter was deceased. That was what the wright up in the Coalville gazette babbled along with the cops said, for seven years this woman would have stomped, beat, slam, and tie-down my grandbaby, to a bed, and twist her feet and limbs until the bones would crunch, and her heels would be where her toes should be.

Without even knowing that she could have gotten away, but because she had a fear of wrath she never attempted. It is amazing how someone can brainwash some that are young. What can a little girl do to deserve this?

So, what could I do? I was not going to leave her out in the cold, plus how could I resist that adorable little girl. She always did have a way of melting my heart, and I guess always will. It would not have been for this little girl I would have given up on a life a long time ago. Now that she is

nearing the age of seventeen, she does not need me as much as she used to; I guess that my mission in life is over. Life goes by like a blink of an eye.

I did the best I could, but I often wonder if my best was good enough. But I often wonder if she is going to be the next seventeen-year-old girl on the list of heartbreak.

The only hobby I have as I get older is looking at the scenery that surrounds me, looking over the gazebo that cascades a reflection on the pond along the walkway. Stumbling back and

forth for the kitchen, I mumble in whispers, to the voices, while trying to write my fragmented thoughts down on paper, as they rush in my head faster than I can scribble with my pencil.

whispers I can hear, whispers I can feel, whispers the used to give me a thrill, whispers from the ones the kill, whispers that give me a chill, I recall whispers while making love, I hear them whispering from the wings of the dove, even the whispers for the above one. I hear whispers!

The seasons seem to change in the blink of my eye; the house I live in is surely over a- 100 years old, it is a craftsman in its style, nothing fancy just your ordinary house in the middle of the country land.

In this house, I have a gallery of all the photos that made me into the person I am today, some are black-and-white, so are in color. Then some of them have never been taken at all there in my thoughts…

Those are the ones I missed most because they are fading away,

especially the pictures that I never had of me in her, I wonder what she would have looked like as she aged, I wonder if we would have done more thing together, like travel the world, I wonder if we would of have a bigger family, and maybe a son that keeps the name going.

I was wounded if the curse of seventeen would have even happened if only I could go back in time. I wonder why- I lost all of my love when they turned seventeen.

One photo, in particular, is a picture of me standing next to my World War II plane, and another my favorite photograph that is in the center of them all is one that was considered quite risqué for the time, it is a sensual photograph of Olivia looking amazingly sexy she so poured in nature as can be in that stripped-down pose, I used to have that picture with me at all times, it slightly sticks out of my uniform pocket, and now it is in an old frame.

I kissed a photo so much that I wore a whole, on the lips.

Looking down my gallery, you will see a photograph of Kristen when she was ten years old, a green-eyed girl to this day I cherish, with strawberry blond hair, she was a hell-raiser for her age, just like her grandfather.

Also, until this very day, nothing has changed. She's still a holy terror that lingers in my head. My mind is like a slideshow projector that never turns off, yet the frames snag and

twitches in the cogs until it’s all distorted.

One of the other photographs that I find unique and intriguing depicts this very house with green siding and white trim, and the distance along the lane that used to be let by flickering lanterns, those lanterns are long gone… Just to be replaced with posts of modern electric candlelight that some work and some don’t, as of now on to old change light bulbs.

Hell, I still have to go over the fear heights… Which sounds ridiculous

coming from a World War II pilot? This property is becoming too much for me, I was hoping that I would live long enough to wear my granddaughter and could inherit my empire of dirt, but as of now, it seems like a far stretch.

The house was once part of the working farm in the 1900s. As you can see from the old windmill and horse-drawn plow, sitting in the front yard. I sometimes wonder if the course I have is not for the seventeen-year-old girl named Megan that lived in this house, who hung herself supposedly

accidentally in the weeping willow tree in 1917. She was broken-hearted that night, so the story goes because her lover was cheating on her with an even younger girl. The tree was the place Meghan went for her escape.

Somehow, she was going to jump off in the fight, however, the rope got caught around her neck, and she was not found till the next morning. I know this because she has talked with me too… Now and again I can see Meghan swing at night in a glowing white, singing the words to ‘America

the Beautiful.’ The song that she was singing that night. Her voice is beautiful, but it is spooky to me. The rope swing that is hanging from the branches is still here, after all these years.

The windmill; yes, it missing halfwits its blades, yet it still twirls in the breeze, the ancient Watermill is still standing yet decrepit. Oh, how we used to swim around in the pond while the water proud on top of us, we were holding onto one another, saying that we would never let go. That is a French

kiss that I long for! She keeps her promise; I do what I believe is right! I am human. I have made mistakes.

Looking at how it is still turning into woe clanking and cracking as the giant goes around. You know I know how it feels; I feel the same way. I would have to say, I love and hate it here, I cannot make up my mind. It is probably the only thing that I still love in my life other than my granddaughter, but it is all dead, and that is what I hate the most! Just like

the curse of seventeen, will it die at pace or will it live on?

The treehouse was where I and Olivia played as children and learned the defenses, between me being a boy and her a girl, Olivia was amazing to me even then.

The house was made by the Janz family, the dad made this house for his little girl named Meghan this was her spot but in her time. The treehouse is about 47 feet off the ground and has a swing.

From the porch, you can see the hayfields for miles, and that was when I had her hand for the first time, I would say she was about the age of seven. Looking at it now not much has changed, the spring steep still wraps around the trunk, the wood and rope bridge over 20 feet accursed the trees. It was like a little castle that was only ours when we were kids. Meghan’s name is scratched in the hardwood, along with this poem she wrote. It cries when you read it, but does it mean anything?

The treehouse: If you read this your love will be with your forever. The dwellings that our love began where we became more than just friends. The place where you took my soul, the place you made me your fool. The treehouse tells the story of you and me, and how you made me cry.

This is the place where it all is going to end, and so will I. Without love, it’s all going to die. This is my time to say goodbye, and I will make sure that any couple that comes in here will always be more than a friend, even

if life comes to an end. Your soul is with mine, at this time, there is nowhere you can hide, for she and I will always be at your side.

All of this is a part of me, and it is going to go to the grave with me most likely, as I know that Olivia will never let go, now or ever. And the lands dissolve into nothing but dust, and rolling hills will end up with no memories, other than or given stones with the names chipped away from old age.

Just as the sun is going to burn out, my fire is fading just like the heat for a summer's day from the past, so why live at all, if you don’t have love, you do not have any worth living for, and having this type of love has been killing me slowly for years, I have been dying seen she was seventeen.

Generally, every day at its end I sit, and an antique chair and stare out the window and watch as the world goes by. And I think, and I think… to the point that I am probably going to end up with dementia.

I find myself laughing in my head for no reason, and then becoming very sad as I think about the life I had. Sad to think that she never really had much of a life and neither did Abbie ether. I would give up everything I have to bring both of them back.

I remember my first date, some would call it quite bland in today's state standards, but that is just what we did back in those days, we used to walk along the railroad tracks, and watch the stars… And the many galaxies, we used to play chicken with the oncoming

steam trains. And lock lips under the moonlight, my first kiss was not until my thread date.

My date second with Olivia was at the ancient weeping willow tree with the swing; we would climb the tree, and sit holding hands. Maybe that was when the spell started, I do not know.

Maybe it was because of Megan? Maybe she was the one that did this to me, maybe not, either way, I still wound why, who, and when.

My third date is the one that is still vivid in my mind, it was in a gazebo

that is on my property now today, we walked along the lovely white bridge that links the walkway across the waters on the pond to the structure itself, and that is when things, was supernatural, there is no other word describe the touching the feeling, the thrusting.

All the emotions coming together at once, we made love under the scarlet black skies.

We were attached forever from that movement. We could hear the wave hitting the side of the land, which

swayed and voyaged in the moving waters, which splashed against the gazebo frame.

You can smell the mist, I can still smell her perfume, for some reason it reminds me of strawberries. I am sure if that is right or not the right at all, but that is what I compare it to. Just like our love that was left inside an awareness, it can be washed away, the waves remind me of her coal-black hair lying in layers puddled on the wood plank flooring of the gazebo.

We were like the one at the twilight breeze, and it seemed as if our bodies were floating on top of the glassy pond on which we were on. Now that breeze brings me to my knees, as I scream the word, ‘WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME!’

Whom would I know that Abbie was in the making that night? I had no clue, back then you had one move and one style. Nowadays you have to be an Olympian just to get the job done. In my opinion that takes all the romance out of the state of affairs.

Let us not forget to mention in those days you did not put shrink-wrap on it, or have and have a plan of getting rid of it… you went against the odds, and fate would take place or not, you had to think about what you were doing. I was thinking at the time I do I want this, and I am going to live with it no matter what happens. I did not care at all really; I was truly in love with Olivia, so I lived with the consequences, and I got a new life in my life but only for seventeen years.

Part: 7

I will never forget Olivia saying, I know you want me! Like I want all of you, I want to, I need to taste you, feel you inside me, and I know that you have been dreaming about me since we were really little. Besides, you know you want it. I recollect saying I feel the same way about you. I remember her swallowing down hard, and saying I want to do this more than you even know, and gasping on the words. Of course, I have dreamed of this moment with you.

Olivia said that she fantasized about me when she was about eight years old, every night to the point she could not sleep at night. She said that she would lick her fingers, and reach down and tickle herself until her fantasy would peak with a thrilling squirting spray that drizzled all over her bedsheets. She still looks at me as I sleep. Anyways she said that gave her worth and satisfaction, within her body and mind. Afterward, her dreams would begin as she would be relaxed into a deep slumber holding her teddy bear as if it was me.

That night in the gazebo, she was so wet down there and so tight, she pulled my pants down so fast the button zipper was like a stone on top of the pond. Her breasts shined in the moonlight, and her nipples were pointed as if they were looking at me as we were doing it, staring at me sweetly; just the same as she was during the whole time, everything on her was bouncing up and down as well as around. Her hips smacking into mine, she said that she loved me on top of her, and she wrapped her arms around me.

I had never felt anything like this before in my life when I entered, we lost our virginities to one another. I will never forget her eyes rolling, the sounds she made, and the faces she made out of passion, it still takes my breath away.

We went for about two minutes; she was moaning the words like. And I can hear that same moaning every day. But back the words were like ‘Oh yes, right their baby.’

I will never forget awards she began to cry so hard that that droplet

of blood would run down her sweet little face, so I just held her in my arms all night, until she fell asleep with her hand on my chest. She said she likes to listen to my heartbeat. Naturally, that was one amazing summer.

I remember sliding down her pink panties that night and sliding her dress up and off of her petite little figure. I remember her fingers touching me everywhere, I remember putting my fingers in places I had never had them before.

She made me tingle and still does. She was so gorgeous when she was looking up at me; well she was on her knees. But nothing ever compared to her legs spread out before me, she had one of the savory flavors of strawberries.

Those are the nights that I will never forget even this old mind can forget that. The nights that are love ignited and never snip apart and yes, it is still going strong. I could never think of another girl this way ever again. She was the first, my first love; my first in

everything, all this happened before she was seventeen, and she was the first ghost that embraces me.

Who would have thought my first time would be my only time with her, yes is the only one that I have loved in my life?

I have gone most life without now because there is no other girl I want to be connected with. It is more than just a collection of bodies; it is mating of hearts and souls as well and I do not want us to ever end that bond. Besides once you make these

connections, in my opinion, they can never be broken, you always remember your first, and they hold something sacred to you and yours that you and she will never forget. It would never be the same if it never perishes.

Nothing has even given me the slightest interest afterward; once you get it, you want more from the same person over and over, for a whole summer's break that was all we did, we christened that gazebo every night, buying hearts and souls.

Besides now is beside the bond always and endlessly until the end of all time. As you know my heaven with her all ends, and my hell begins.

There was nothing more exhilarating than the thunderstorms, the pouring down rain, you know that everything's better when gone! She would claw her nails into my back to the point of my back bleeding. As I crested her seventeen-year body as lightly and softly as possible; yes, I have scars to this very day, just like a permit tattoo of devotion.

I think this is one reason I am not able to let go, I loved her love that she had for me and that she gives to me.

So, does that make any sense? It is just what happens to come to mind now and again. That I have the marking of seventeen on my back, you can still see it today and oddly it looks like the number seventeen.

Just like Olivia's spirit that follows me everywhere I go, yes- she is still in contact with me every awakened hour of the day. Even though she is no

longer alive on this planet we can still communicate, almost like a telegraphic power, I can hear whispers along with others that I have adored.

After I give this letter to her, I know that my life would never be the same again. I did not know if that was a good thing or a bad thing, it was just the way it had to be at the time.

It was not what I truly wanted, plus I had never been away from home. I have never been more than ten miles away from my hometown of Coalville.

I have never been away from her loving arms and soft warm body all my life. I knew that I was going to miss her, her personality, her ways, and hear everything.

My attention goes back to these days often because she pulls at my heartstrings like a gutter being tuned too tightly. That she likes to play in my ears now and then. This happens to the point that I feel as if I am going to choke on the wood splinters.

I remember the first time we met; I was in the first grade. We were

in a one-room schoolhouse that had all eight grades in one sitting arrangement. She was crying because of separation anxiety-tears of blood because she had to walk to school in freezing rain and snow. I guess that I was the only one there that cared to know how she felt?

I tried to make it okay for her, from that point; you know I had a crush starting then on her that never seems to subside. I was going to do whatever I could to be there for her no matter what. Why I do not know it just seemed

that she was unlike anyone or anything that was in my life, at that time I was mesmerized it was love at first sight.

Still, the ice had been broken for us and we became friends. Artwork and creativity can open up all kinds of doors, even the one to the heart… she made a drawing that impresses me so much that I still have it. It was a drawing of a girl sitting on a swing with a big tree in the background; it was wonderful, beautiful, and yet spooky.

She was just what I was looking for in my life. We were the love

that we need that we both never had before in our young lives. We brought joy to one author, just the same as we do even now. What more can I ask for?

I remember- all the classes and sitting behind her wanting to touch her hair, because it looked so soft, and looking at her backside, I felt high just by being in her presence, and smelling that scent that was uniquely here and never changed.

Speaking of that drawing, and it was breathtaking– you can see it is hanging in that frame over there on the

wall, it's yellowing now from old age and tattered in its look, but I still have it!

I remember- that I made a comment at the time, and she gives it to me, and that is we things started to work out for me like never before, but just me being a boy I had no clue what I was doing, but I knew- I wanted more. But was all this a blessing of a lucky streak or not.

Either way, it is going to last all my life and never end, yet it ended all my other chances forever!

Yet her spirit- is like a snowstorm in December cool and lonely, yet beautiful like a fall day and berth taking in the memory of thinking about the days we had together in the summer before the beginning of the end.

After the war my injury did stop me from working in the coal mines, something is thrilling about working seven miles on the ground, in total darkness. The coal mine was not the job I wanted, but it was the one I had that paid the bills.

I remember the coal mines walking to that cage of a shattered dream; you can see the conveyors and lights in the dissents along with the stars, which are glowing in the midnight skies to not see the light of day for hours. Yes, only to end up with blackened lungs, to make a working man’s play for the family that I have.

They drop us down that hole, and it feels like your lunch is going to come up into your mouth. You snap that light on, and you remind yourself that if

there is a rockfall that you will never see your loved ones again.

Bouncing along on the mantrip, to get off and start the day, that seems to never end. That shaft is so low that you are always bent over, water runs down your slacks constantly. You feel like you pissed yourself. Oh, being six miles down and six miles out is bone-chilling.

Having a respirator just plain sucks, so I hardly ever have one on my face, I just chew gum; all I have to do is think about what I am leaving behind if

I do not for some reason make it back home. She and the little one knows that I love them. But could they live without me? Yet we know that they would be protected.

Part: 8

Thank you, Next

(Past)

I never really wanted to live a day without her next to me, I remember how we used to go to this little amusement park that still has the old standing to this very day aside from the

friction wood roller coaster built in 1902.

It has these big old comfy train cars that sit two in the front and two in the back, they rattle back and forth on the track, but we loved it because you could not help but bump into one another's hips and put your hand on each other’s knees and legs. Back then everything was done by hand; like pushing the car on the chine to go up the lift hill of 41 feet, and to stop was done by a man that would pull on a handle, to have the brakes grind the

train car to a halt when coming into the station.

The costar next to the lake has a top speed of 17 miles per hour not fast but it was romantic for its day, on this coaster was the first time- I put my arm around her and we became more than friends, that last leap you get airborne, and get to snuggle your love and squeeze what you like.

We still ride this coaster now and then, but with Kristen, and Olivia hovers above us.

Just about every day Kristen and I sit down at the dining room table and I tell her stories of back in the day. We have the same meal of canned soup, canned peaches, and Pepsi in a can. I have not had a home-cooked meal in years.

Every morning I have peanut butter and jelly sandwich doubled over, a cup of black coffee with three spoons full of sugar that is so strong it could walk, it makes my cough go down, then I start popping the pills that keep me going. I have not slept in a bed for

years; I sleep in my chair in the living room.

The bed has never been used; the sheets have never slept in the bed and have a canopy in soft purple just the way she always wanted.

Why you ask because that was the bed, we planned on being in together. She grow-up with a mattress on the floor, and only had one blanket, and a teddy bear that I gave her. She was lucky to have a pillow, times were trying during The Great Depression.

I remember as a kid my dad giving me a packet of old bread with coffee on top and that was all I got in the one-day meal. Olivia's mom before she died made her dresses out of floral flower bags. So much wind and dust, no one can believe it unless you lived it, yet we had one another.

Television did not come out until the about 1950's, and it was snowy as hell, shit you only had one channel and had to get off your ass to turn it on and off, plus it went off the air at midnight.

Everything was on the radio, and back then, or You talked to your neighbor about your day and what was going on, as well as sit on the porch at night. Not like today at all!

Part: 9

NY

I remember my dad telling me about this new highest building in New York that was just compiled, and that was The Empire State Building. Think about that I and Olivia planned on seeing it, along with the Statue of Liberty, but it never happened.

I have to pop pills now; I do not know if any of them do anything. They make me feel like I did in the 1960s. My mind starts thinking and it takes me back. They say I should not have a drink now, because I am on so many medications, but I do not care anymore.

The only thing that could happen is that I would kick the bucket, hell that would be a good thing. Put me under the tree next to my lover, I have lived too long now, 80 years is too long without love. Yes, I am 92 years old and still kicking, just not as high.

I think of when she and I were about 10 years old, she used to ride sitting on top of my handlebars on my pulled bike, going down the hill as fast as we could, having her hair blowing in my face. I can still hear giggling in my ears while she would say go faster… faster!

I remember this one-time way back when I had what it took to get another girl that was in the 1960s. Hell way not everyone needs what is real to feel consoled.

Sometimes, you have to stray away to know what you love in life, that is what it is all about.

Life tip If you stay in one place too long life gets old fast, I hope before you get old, or start to have doubts.

It is just like the footprints in the snow, sometimes you see two sets, and sometimes not. Now and then you look back on the path you made that is your life, and only see on set. However, they are not yours, so I have come to realize that is when I was carried through the hard or difficult times.

Did I have to get another lover? Well, that is up to you to figure out? Just remember it is not always what you do that stops you from what you wanted in life, it is something or some that are there and pulling at you!

Furthermore, afterward, you look back on life and think, maybe I should have done this, or maybe I should have done that, do not waste your time. It is all meant to be even if you cannot foresee it.

The journey is not always clear, however, I always got where I wanted

to go, I remember a time when I had an opportunity to find love again in a living form. On the other hand, I would hear the voices calling out say ‘Listen you do not need to talk to her okay. Do not try to ask her on dates or anything.’

Life tip- You need to make yourself lesion to what you want to hear even if it is difficult to move on. Life is a fight for what you want. If you want it you are going to have to corroborate and let go of the past. Love is just like fighting in a warplane, your ether- got- shot down, or you have

someone else firing a bolt at you. Either way, it always ends in a climaxing explosion, it is just how it is going to come about in the end.

I think this… about the voices, you do not have control over what I can and cannot do… so shut up, please. And the voices say to me…

'No need to talk to her.' Well, I say- I can talk to whomever I want, and you are not going to stop me. Over the years, I have come to see it is not a true relationship if the person is afraid of what they can and cannot do.

Just because it is the way it is now, does not mean shit. All relationships are going to end naturally or not, it is all up to you and what you want. I choose to stay in this relationship forever, and doing it is too different sometimes.

Just remember you have chosen, so are you going to run scared? So, are you going to listen to your inner voice?

The voice that follows you is the one that you choose to lesion to, there is a good one, and evil ones just

recollect about that statement, and you will see that it is true.

Kristen- I live with my grandpa; I am all he has at this point, I know that he was a good man, but I think he is a little too guppy for his good.

Brandon- Kristen has a very high-pitched squeaky voice, that is so cute, and unlike any other girl I ever knew. Her hand can fit into the palm of my hand, her giggling laugh is the only thing that warms me and feels the emptiness in the space of my heart, just like a snare drum. I am not so hollow

when around her. She just has a way of making my day complete. Without her I would not have any bet or cadence to play, she is a rhythm to my melody.

She just like Olivia was at that age so cute … with her braces on her teeth and the way she looks at me. When she wakes up to me, I sometimes find it hard to speak because she looks so much like her.

I remember Olivia had a summer job at the 5 and 10 where she made five cents an hour while standing on the perfect little feet. Back then you

had to be nice to the people in the stores, besides, ask them if they need help with anything.

Now it is like they are doing- a fever for you just to get checked out. ‘Get your shit and get out.’

Anyway, back to my story, so I used to go in there and talk to her at the cash register, that magic spot for flirting together. The perfect girl, what can I say?

Kristen, she was a lot like you! Blue eyes and so damn sweet, back then she was all I wanted to do was run

to her. But instead, I had to walk out the door. Just remember this: ``True love should not be such a game; you need to feel the same.'

I don't remember, said Brandon; it will come back to me in flashes… Kristen asked; so, where do you consider being places for romance? Brandon- Romance does not exist do not kid yourself, honey.

YES- yes, it does say, Kristen, how is that said, Brandon?

Brandon- you can't have romance if you're not in love.

Kristen- Okay I remember the first time having sex in the restaurant man's bathroom! On the fool with me on top… oh god!

I don't need to know that said Brandon, that not Romantic that is rap. You are not even seventeen yet, that shit should have been a secret to only and perish to you and saved for marriage! At least love the guy.

Oh, papa you are so old fashion said Kristen, yes maybe so whispered, Brandon … However, in my day we

would have not even thought about doing such a thing, with being in love.

So, has this guy ever asked you to marry him? Yes, but not whom you would expect, I do not think that I loved him. Maybe you're right, I should've-loved him, all we are is just friends with benefits.

Though I do not think that being romantic is not dead today, it does exist. You just need to be with the right guy, which can show you what real expressions of love are!

Brandon- enough of this babbling… back to my story. Yes, she is still in high school, and I am six years older; but age is just a number- right? I guess said, Kristen!

After Kristen goes to her room at night I look out my window in the summer, and my wondering eyes overlook the honey golden lake that splashes as the sunlight flashes and shines my life before my eyes in one blink as the sun sets, and the darkness comes to let me know that I am sitting here in my home alone, thinking that on

this very lake we had our the first kiss on the bridge that is along the walkway to the gazebo.

The sight of beauty is worth beholding forever even if it only exists in my memory as it once was. Look at this house, look at the life I have had, what does it stand for… what?

What do you think it stands for Kristen? Kristen said I don’t know yet you have not said anything yet that makes any sense to me, but that okay I still love ya!

In 1944 I did not know what to think. Yes, no, maybe? Someone give me a sign or something? That was what I was thinking Kristen if you learn anything from this story is that man- are damn stupid, when it comes to being smooth around a crush. It is like every song is about her; everything you see is not as good as her… do you know what I mean? Love is the heart line that is just happy when you least expect it.

Back then it was not about friends approving of us even being together like it is today? I know some of

them may, and then again how do I know what they might say, hopefully, it is all good. Back then everything about a girl was a mystery. Not like the days, it is like everything is given away in an instant and that is the end of innocence.

The conversion was light-hearted and modest.

Nevertheless, it was a remarkable achievement; looking back at how completed it can be, you had to wait a week before even knowing that your letter got back home, or if it would

be returned to the sender, and I got most of them back because of her dad.

It should be that cupid's arrow strikes at a most unlikely time, and you may realize that they have been in front of you all along. That is what love is all about, a relationship that will change you in many ways for good. It is a time when a new relationship looks like it is about to deliver on the promises that came with it. Life may never be the same again without them.

So just to have her know that I am even there even now that’s what I

call love. Wishing her goodnight and sweet dreams even throw her not here and have to see what the next day brings just like she is beside me.

So back to my story Ha! Will I guess as of now I know I am going to call this the curse of seventeen?

Oh, yes, to be under the spell of a girl is like getting hit below the belt. When you have a love like this, it is going to be like instant nausea.

To know that she is going to be the only one that I can love, but the one in need to love, even if she doesn't love

me anymore in this life… She is it… the one, the only… the seventeen dream that now haunts me, that teases me, that toys with me and plays around in my dreams and my day-to-day activities.

That reminds me that I am all alone in my old age, with seventeen black cats, and Kristen has grown up too fast.

Oh, I field to mention that Kristen's mother Abbie was only seventeen at the times she died, and she haunts me just the same but only at

the graveyard, however, Olivia spirits swarm in my brain and around my mind constantly, and their past life rushes through my veins.

She speaks and talks to me in whispers, to the point I collapse in exhaustion from being overwhelmed with emotions.

Kristen’s father does not speak to me, as far as I am concerned, he can burn in hell for what he did to my daughter. Yet all these spirits are like a snowstorm in December cooled and

lonely, yet some are beautiful and breathtaking in their memory.

Just like thinking about Olivia back in the days, we had together before the beginning of the end.

Ha, I am getting a vision, oh yes- I remember this day, Kristen came here, and let me tell you about this story.

Legend has it- Jamie Keller was out in her yard during a storm digging graves for her seven children, and she was killed by the underwire in her bar by getting struck by lightning. I have

no clue if this is true or not, but she needed to fit if it was real.

Kristen remembers the seven girls, two of them tweens, I can remember their names, but I can feel their discomfort. This woman is in hell now, for what she did to Kristen and her kids.

That reminds me that finding someone else to love is like me putting an elevator in the old shit house outback. It is just not going to work now or ever. I knew that your great-grandfather had problems with Kristen

but who could have foreseen what he did to Olivia, your grandmother.

I later found out her dad used to keep her locked in a room, like a dog locked in a cage, she was like a puppy that had her snout hit too many times with the newspaper.

This girl was broken mentally, emotionally, psychologically, and spiritually, the more evenly she went mad because I was not there for her. The sick ass hole would come into her room and look at her and stroke her as she would sleep. She had to sleep with

one eye open at all times. But that did not stop what happened.

I remember some night when she was little she would climb outside the window of her dad's house, by picking the lock with her hair clip and claim down the trellis that was littered with roses in the summer night; in her nightdress, just, because she said that she was lonely for me.

But I now know that was not the only reason. And just like that she would be standing in front of me she would take off her night top and placed

it on the rocking chair that was agent to my bed, and then she would crawl in with me, and hold on to me so tightly, that I felt that she was suffocating the life out of me. Little did I know that is exactly what she was doing?

She always fell asleep resting her head on my chest, she must have felt safe in my arms. I guess that is why she was always so tired because of him, I guess that is why she loved me, I was always there for her, and after everything, she went through. Plus, she said that she liked to hear my heart

beating. Back then there was nothing more I ever wanted to be than was her hero!

Just like the one night, I noticed that her legs and inner thighs were all cups up, she said that it was because she was out on the river in her yellow rowboat and it capsized.

She said- ‘you know that I can swim very well…’ and that the rocks were sharp. I did by a word of it. I knew the markings on her legs were done with a razor blade or a dull knife. She

never wanted me to ask about it again… so I didn't.

That night she told me about the time that she nearly drowned when she was seven years old. Back then I had no idea that her dad was holding her down under the water in the bathtub by her hair, and that was the first time he laid his hands and fingers on her.

To this very day, I could slaughter that man for what he did to my lovely seventeen- girl. But by the time I got back from the war he was on

the ground. Nonetheless, that did not stop me from pissing on his gravestone! That may be Kristen's great-grandfather but I have no respect for the man, and neither will she… nor will.

Part: 10

Golden

All we ever had was the gazebo on top of the golden water, with my seventeen-year-old lover; the blue eyes shekel into mine lost in time. Tell pasture grasslands blowing in the breeze, kissing her would bring on our knees.

The flowers bloom all around in the spring, the trees with colors that display their majesty just for us. Leasing to her sing in my ears added to all the lust, she was whispering sweet nothing that

I can still lightly hear.

I was the only one she could trust, being together was a must for both of us. No matter what the weather, our love was forever, and ever, I will remember.

Her hands that I loved to hold, the story that we told. We said that we

were together even when we got old. Just like that song

‘Remember When’ would be the story of our lives. That is, we would have bands of gold, and someday it is our baby to hold.

I forgot about this, but she would sing to me, she had the voice of an angel!

You know that Kristen looks and sounds just like her… I do believe that reincarnation is possible?

So, I gave Kristen all the poems I wrote to Olivia because she would hide under her pillow anyway, plus now they have been made into songs that Kristen plays to me on this old piano that sits here in the living room.

Speaking of interments to this day I still have Olivia's 1920's guitar, the wood is now cracked, and the high E string is broken, it most likely it will never play a song in tune again, but I do not have the heart to throw it away, it was played with love and compassion by her.

So, I plan on giving it to Kristen so that maybe we can get it working again if I have the energy. It is on my to-do list! A list that seems to get longer as my days are getting shorter.

You know it is like me when I look out my window, I can still see her out on that boat just floating the day away.

Yes, that was one of our hobbies that we would like to do.

Going out on the water, and embarrassing one another until it was so back out that we could not see the

dock any longer. All we could see was the lights and reflections flickering in the water, which was so picturesque and tranquil, it was fairytale-like.

From the gazebo, that seemed to be the creation of everything, we were at the time. We had the perfect elements for love, a forbidden lovers' equestrian on the water of time that seemed to ever steal when locking as one.

On the other hand, in our fairytale there were many dark storms, that the father caused, he was going to

end it at all costs, even if that meet heartbreak and torture.

In addition to that, he said that I was the one that did all those twisted things to his daughter, and that is why I listed in the Army, I had to leave. There was nothing I could do but hand her my note.

Nothing that I could do or say again; because- I never saw her again after that. All I had was notes that never got to her.

I remember- in the summer, my wandering eye overlooks the honey

golden lake that splashes, as the sunlight flashes. It shines my life before my eyes in one blink as the sun sets, and the darkness comes to let me know that I am walking back to my home alone.

Thinking that on this very lake we had our first kiss on the bridge that is along the walkway to the gazebo.

Part: 11

Lifetime

Look at this house it is the home we always wanted to have

together, look at the life; I have had what does it stand for… what? What do you think it stands for Kristen? Kristen said it shows that you cared! Yes, said Brandon, that is true love.

Back to them Hope and her love- Nevaeh's tells about her life and the ones before.

1944, I do not know what to think? Yes, no, maybe? Someone give me a sign or something that has happened? That was what I was thinking Kristen if you learn anything from this story, it's like every song is

about her everything you see is not as good as her… do you know what I mean?

Love is the heart line of happiness. With that kind of flat-lined something is going to snap, and it did.

Just to have her know that I am even there. Oh, just too able to be with her for a couple of days again in life. Maybe there is a date on the way to the end of my life. While Kristen is getting less, we will talk about it all tomorrow, go get some rest.

It is interesting that when Kristen is asleep, I check in on her often. You know there is nothing more comforting than hearing her snoring away, she is so adorable! I do this for two reasons that I have a hard time sleeping at night. Two that I want to make sure that she is still berthing because I do not think I could take another loss.

My heart is just too weak, and she is the only one that I love left in my life. I look around the room, and the

white laces on the windows are tied back, with lavender ribbons.

I know that she is content, holding her teddy bear under her canopy bed. She may be seventeen in two weeks but as for now, she will always be my little girl.

The crystal chandelier is dimmed as low as it can go, with a soft glimmering creamy warmth.

So now that I know that everything is okay, I shut the door keeping it cracked slightly. I will shuffle my feet back down the staircase, make

my way back to my old char, which is in the living room. Then stare out the window at the pond and gazebo until the sunrise.

I remember my saying to me when I was a boy, ‘Early to bed and early to rise, she'll make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

My mother used to tell me every night; I still try to believe that is so. Nonetheless, I cannot help but scratch my head and question these questions. Just because one is wealthy does not mean that they need to be a

d*ck to everyone that has less. Just because one is healthy does not mean that they cannot become deathly sick, that saying just does not work for me.

Not too many out there know what it's like to have a seventeen-year-old transparent ghost in all white in your face being playful and animated all the time. Even when you take my glasses off, she is showing up in your face as clear as day. It makes it hard to slumber throughout the night.

Why; for the reason that you are going to realize that, you are all

alone when you’re not alone. That even the dreams that you have are just as painful as being awake.

Not painful as being injured or cut, but as emotionally and psychologically difficult, and it is straining on the old brain to grasp.

Just like a Chicago song; she was my inspiration, Kristen she is now what gave me my life mining, and she is the only thing that gave me any feeling, I am just an empty body.

‘Before I go to the place of no return, I remember that I had to live in

a land of gloom and utter darkness.' So true, I do not fear the unknown anymore. 'For though I should walk in the center of the valley of death, they have comforted me before so maybe it will have to be my turn, even on earth the spirits are with me, I will fear no evil anymore.

Part: 12

Nibbana

Olivia is from the paradise above: I would say that she is looking over me, she comforts me as much as she can. But then it is hard not having

her here, in her earthly body. It can be hard having faith in something that cannot be expressed in words.

But it is just something that you can feel, like the rain on a warm spring day, like the blossoms from the pear trees landing on your shoulders as a walk down the path to the gazebo, similar to the haze from the golden water; it all reminds me of Olivia when she was my seventeen.

I still go to the same church that I have going to all my life, and I give what I can. I sit in the back, with

Kristen by my side; she is the only youth there. It seems that faith has gone away. I have a pad for all my sins, and that is what I want Kristen to know, always to do the right things at all times. To think before you do something because you may just have to live with it or it all life and it stays with you forever.

I can hear her whispering Paul, Paul- I am still with you, and I love you, I love you, Brandon! It is drawn out, and sweet and soft and lingering. It makes the hair on my arms stand up.

Yet it is stimulating and yet melancholy at the same time. Kristen must think that I am going loopy… ha- well I am old; she thinks that all old people are irrational.

Hell, I was the same way at her age… saying that ‘I hope I will die before I get old.’ Who the hell used to say that good shit, well I can’t remember… who? I have seen a lot come and go in my life; I just wish I could remember all of it, like Woodstock.

All I remember was mud all over all the nude people, it smelt like shit, and Jenny Hendrix was playing the star-spangled banner, which was astonishingly weird. It seems that all good musicians die young. Life comes and goes just like a hit song, and once you get sick of the riff, and the fame that is when it is all over. The same can be said about existence!

Here is one of the notes that I fished: Thinking about her and the summer and what it could be, with her it reminds me of Seventeen- you’re on

my mind all the time and I think about you yet we're not together. The stars shining combined with ribbon holding hands forever you are my eternal love.

Part: 13

Memory forfeiture

Me freaking out video being the top room, on MFC! ≈ Past remembers of Karly… ≈

Sometimes I get so preoccupied trying to perfect everything that I forget to appreciate the things that are already perfect.

Like, have you ever been in love with a girl that you cannot have in your life?

My mind is achy half on and half off, most of the time. A lot of my dreams are the true reality, so it seems to me, then when I am awakened, I am frightened by what I do not see, and curious about what I do.

In my life, I try to put these thoughts and moments down into a story. And this is what I am telling you. What I'm saying right now Is to wonder if it even makes any sense. But this was

my true reality, a tragic love story… That did not end, the way I wanted.

There is one thing that is on my mind, and that is Kristen's so-called boyfriend, he drives up in a piece of shit car, honks the horn three times, and my sweet innocent granddaughter goes running out the door in a short skirt, to him like he is the only guy in the world. Jayson Parker in the ass hole that deflowered my little girl.

I can’t stand them; he is a cocky blue balled punk. You know when you take a girl out you should meet her

at the door of the home and walk her to the car and open the damn car door for her. If I would have done that back in my day… God, you would never hear the end of it. It's just not right.

Not only that but he expects her to pay for the date, the food, or whatever they do. Plus, then he wants to bump and grind on her too. God-talk about selfishness, yet she thinks he is the only one with one in his trousers.

So, I told him- ‘I have bolt cutters out in the shed, and I am not afraid to use them; that is what Jayson

said to Jayson’. Then when they get back, they make out in the car, and he kicks her out like she is nothing to them. Back in my day, you walked the girl up to the door and maybe you got a little kiss, your tongue didn’t need to go down each other’s throat along with other things, it's sick.

I said to Kristen don’t throw your life away but that is what is going to do. But you can only talk about someone so much, young people are going to do what they want to do. I was the same way back in the day, ha… but

they don’t need to know that. It is just my time to move on. And lose another seventeen-year-old girl.

Just to think that my little girl is going to have her seventeenth birthday, it just seems like yesterday that she was born so much has changed scenes then.

All she has to do is say my name and my knees get a week, I am in love, or am I in too deep? What I am feeling that makes me want more and more.

But I know that I have to walk out that door of life. Yet, I know that I can never I cannot hold you in my arms forever.

There is always someone in the way or, so it seems. I believe in not saying one negative word so that I can receive my blessings that will, and can bring me joy.

My Kirsten is my everything to me, all her blue eyes still shine for me, and Olivia’s kisses still take my breath away. Tell this very day, you are mine and I would not have it another way.

Even if I have to eat coal dust, and even if I have lost it all to the hex of seventeen.

Part: 14

Swathe

Video: MFC me nude showing it all for you saying: ‘ant- I the cutest!’ ≈ Past remembers of Karly… ≈

So, there is only one more thing to do and that is this. Please do not open this letter until you think it is the last day of your life.

This was the last note she wrote to me.

So, all these years- I have been wording what is in this envelope? I always felt that nothing word changed how I felt, nor did I don’t care. I will open it and read it.

It reads- you will know what happened to me, I never leave you ever. When you burn this note, which is the end of your life. Also, it is the end of me being with you in spirit.

We can finally be together in eternal life, so my sweet Brandon burns

this letter, and we can be in love once again.

Olivia after- I left she could take anymore she killed her father with an ax; it was a crime of passion and hatred. And that is the night she made me the love letter that I have in my hand, I never that it was also a suicide letter.

She left her home for the last time, naked as the day she was born, and laid down on the railroad tracks weighing for the next train to run her over. It was over…on her seventeenth

birthday. And my life was empty ever senses, but I did not know how it happened all these years.

Her spirit may be with me, and it may hunt me, but it is nothing like having that worm seventeen body next to me. Never to kiss those lips again to hear her voice again, and never hear her laugh again.

All I have left are some crumpled-up photos in a letter of abandonment. All I can say is I hope that we both end up being in the heavens together once more. Just

remember do not let your dreams go with you to the grave.

It is time to barn this note! Brandon’s last berth on earth and first in the heavens… There she was the same as the last time I saw her, seventeen a glowing but this time she is mine forever, now that is love. Kristen, this is the story of a seventeen-year-old girl, the love of my grandpa's life.

The man was the rock in my life too. I found some of his notes and enjoyed his story so much that I need to write them down into this book.

I never knew that what he was telling me over the years was all true; I made him the promos to publish this story so that he could always be remembered.

For love, he had for the one that never left his side. All I can say is that the curse of seventeen went to the grave with him, so I believe. For the reason that- I am still here, and I am now the age of seventeen.

Yet, he is still with me in spirit.